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WHERE, in the unknown way,  
Sister, now stands  
Thy soul,—who yesterday  
With us joined hands?

Where lies thy land unseen,  
Oh ! Warden Death ?  
With just a touch between,  
A pulse, a breath.

Yet with what barrier barred—  
That gulf profound  
Which sleepless sentries guard  
From sight and sound!

Never to human cries  
Has answer come  
Through all the centuries.  
Relentless, dumb,

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To prayer, to tear, to moan ;  
Each one to learn  
Must walk that path, alone,  
Nor backward turn.

Not she, our friend, may tell,  
Just swiftly passed :  
The law immutable  
Holds her as fast

As Egypt's Pharaoh,—  
A mummy, dun,  
A thousand years ago,  
Beneath the sun.

Thus to earth—sense is seen  
Death, as we look  
On its still face, serene,  
Life's sealèd book;



Yet, as to each the Day  
Comes with that call,  
Who of us dare to say  
That this is all?

We know that somewhere, bright,  
A haven lies ;  
That past such bitter night,  
A dawn must rise ;

That, as the soul of man  
Came unto Earth,  
In the eternal plan  
Must be re-birth

In a diviner sphere \* \* \*  
Sister, and friend,  
Held in our hearts so dear,  
Not this the end ;—

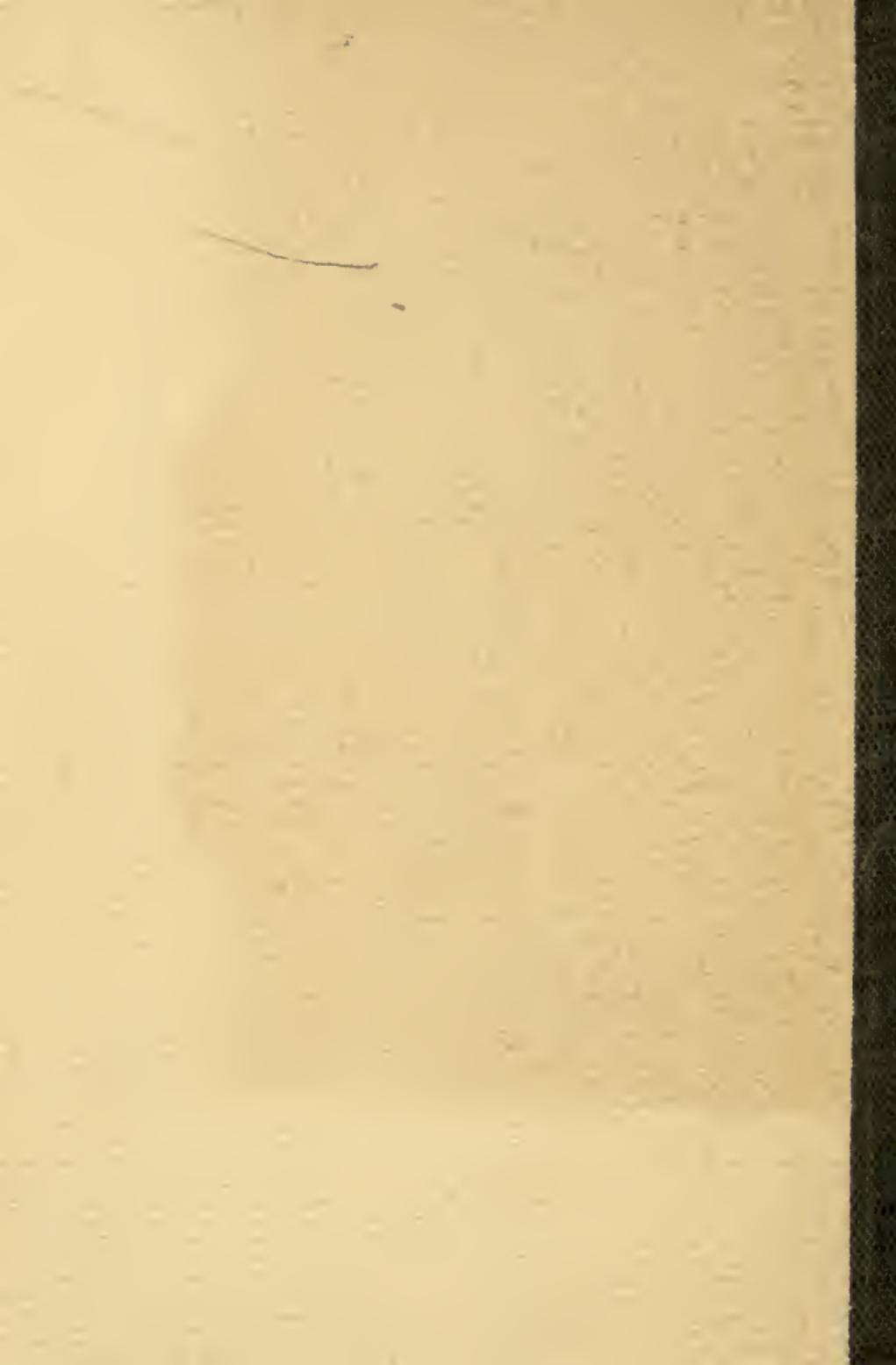
Lo! we shall follow thee,  
Seek thee, and find.  
Joy of the life to be  
Who has divined?

Come, white-winged messenger!  
God's heavenly dove,  
Faith,—with thy message clear,  
To weeping love.

INA D. COOLBRITH.







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